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Marrying The Boss

By Carl Jenkins

Olga Schmidt had heard things about far-off America months and months before she landed at Ellis island. Her brother Jake had been over her for two or three years, and then returned home on a visit.

"Why, father," he said, "though you are an old man you can earn $2 a day in America. They want old men there. They don't want their work done too quick, as young men would do it. The grocer for whom I work has to tell me a dozen times a day that I must sit down and rest. Yes, it's two dollars a day for you."

"And can I earn anything?" asked the mother.

"Can you? Why, they have great buildings there, and the hundreds and hundreds of offices must be swept and the halls mopped. For every ten scrub women there is a boss woman. You shall be a boss at one hundred dollars a month. You are German, and you will make them bear down hard with their brushes."

"And about me?" asked Olga, who was twenty years old, and had never been five miles from the hut in which she was born.

"Better and better," replied the brother. "It is you who are going to be a great lady and ride in your auto. You will have furs, diamonds, servants—everything. You will order your groceries of me, for I shall soon own a store of my own."

"But how?"

"Just one little thing, and it's so easy to do. You will go to work in a shirtwaist factory, and in a month you will marry the boss. He will have a barrel of money. You are promised to Carl Swager, but he must let you off. He's no boss. When the boss of the factory in America sees your red cheeks and blue eyes he falls in love and asks you to marry him. It is a great country, sister."

Much more than this Olga heard and believed, and she gave Carl Swager his dismissal and sailed away to America. She had a place three days after landing. Of course, the girls questioned her, and it tickled them half to death to hear her seriously re-

"It is a great country, sister."

ply that she was there to marry the boss. Her words got to him, and he called her in and discharged her. The foreman of her department was attracted to her, being German himself, and he helped her to find another place. When brother Jake was told of the change he explained that here and there was a boss that was married, and of course he couldn't put his wife away right off. With a little patience she must strike the right boss

When Olga had been in her second place a few days she heard that the boss was a single man, and she wrote the good news to Jake, who replied:

"I told you so. Truly, America is a great country. Cast your eyes down when the boss says he loves you. They all do that on Fifth avenue. It makes a boss more fierce. The grocery business was fine."

"You are a poor worker, and you get the lowest wages and the most fines. Why do you stay?"

The question was asked Olga at her second place, and her answer was prompt:

"I am here to marry the boss!"

"Olga you are a fool."

"It is so in America, and I'm not a fool. He may come in any day and ask me to marry him."

Two days later she was discharged. She went hom weeping and sent word to the German foreman of her first place.

"You see," he said when he called that evening, "your boss has had two wives and divorced both. He wants a little rest before he takes a third. There is something your brother Jake did not understand. I think I can get you a place where the boss is a single man."

The place was secured, and Olga's experience was about the same. She spoiled a garment the first thing, and when told that she must pay for it she replied:

"You must see the boss about it."

"But for why? Does he know you?"

"No, but I am here to marry him!"

"To do what!"

"To marry him and to be a great lady!"

That afternoon Olga was sent for by the boss. She faced him smiling. She thought the critical moment had come, and it had.

"Right away quick you was gone!" was the exclamation, and the girl was escorted out.

Poor Olga had lost her third place and had failed to marry a boss. She wiped the tears from her eyes and went over to the grocery in Brooklyn to see brother Jake.

"Was it a marriage yet?" he asked.

"No. It was some more what you call bouncing."

"Was it possible! Maybe your boss was a near-sighted man.

"And maybe I was called a fool!" exclaimed the girl as she began to sob.

"But I think I see how it is, sister," consoled the brother. "No woman in America must say right out that she shall marry such and such a man. If she does the man becomes afraid."

"But if I don't say that I'm there to marry the boss he may think I want to marry one of the foremen or cutters."

"He may, but you look at my case. When I came to this country I don't say that in a little time I am going to own this grocery and have the boss working for me. No, I said nothing. I spoke to no one about it."

"And what have you done?"

"I have taken from the cash register almost enough to buy out the stock. A few more months will do it. Olga, you have talked too much. You must get another place and keep still. When you have married the boss you can talk."

Olga got her fourth place and followed instructions for three long months. Not a word did she have to say about marrying the boss, although she came to know that he was a widower of long standing and had had his rest. The other girls in the factory came to call her the Silent One, but she didn't care for that. No, not a word about the boss, but she had not bound herself not to be a girl and practice a few girlish arts. For instance, she knew where the boss lunched, and she would manage to meet him on the street and smile and bow. If she encountered him in the hall of the factory she would cast down her eyes and blush. One day, not recognizing her with her hat on, he lifted his to her and invited her to luncheon. The meal was almost finished before he discovered her identity. Then she was discharged on the spot.

Again she went over to the grocery to see Jake. He heard the tale and replied:

"I can't make it out. You see how it is with me. My name is now over the door, and now the boss is my clerk. I think you made a mistake with that boss. You should have waited for him to ask you about ten times."

"But I was hungry."

"I see, but you got the skate. Well, we must try again. I said you must marry a boss, and so it shall be."

Just at that moment Carl Swager entered the store. Olga at once fell into his arms and exclaimed:

"Oh, Carl when did you come?"

"Three months ago."

"And I am in such trouble!"

"I will help you out."

"I came to America to marry a boss."

"Well, I am a boss now."

"You don't mean it!"

"For sure. I work on the street with a Dago and a Dutchman. The Dago bosses me and I boss the Dutchman!"

"Then—then—"

Then they were married.

HAND AND BRAIN CONNECTED

Ambidexterity, the Fad a Short Time Ago, Has Really Little to Recommend It.

There was a fad some twenty years ago among certain classes to make the children use both hands equally, with a view to developing ambidexterity. There were very few successful results; on the contrary, the children that used only one hand seemed to get along better in every way, especially in intellectual development. The explanation for this is found in the fact that the control of the hand is intimately connected with the development of language, but the brain-centers that have to do with language are situated on the left side—that is, in connection with the centers that control the right arm and hand.

An examination of thousands of human skeletons showed that in every case in which the right arm had a greater development than the left arm there was a corresponding development on the left side of the skull. Left-handed persons would accordingly be expected to have less language ability, on the whole, than right-handed persons; and children that used both hands indifferently, under compulsion, would hinder still more the development of their ability in the use of language.

In the German army Doctor Bardleben found 3.88 per cent. of left-handedness. This figure is to be considered as rather lower than the true ratio, as many left-handed men deny or fail to report the fact. In northeastern parts of Germany left-handedness is less frequent than in the central parts. It is curious that among the monkeys the orang-outang and the hylobates are right-handed, while the gorilla and the chimpanzee are left-handed.

Giant Ostriches of the Past.
In alluvial deposits of Madagascar there have been found skeletons of ostriches which, when alive, were fourteen to fifteen feet in height.

Collecting Evidence.
"Must be a general clean-up campaign going on in the neighborhood." "Why so?" "My cat came home today with four kinds of fresh paint on her fur."—Kansas City Journal.

Women Aid Good Roads.
Prominent women in Missouri, many of them motorists, have shown members of their sex in other states that, though they haven't got the ballot, their persistence in petitioning the governor and the legislature has aided the good roads movement. Missouri women have sent hundreds of letters to the capital on that subject, indicating not only zeal for better highways, but insight into the possibilities of road betterment.

Automatic Testing Machine.
The machines turned out by a large typewriter manufactory are tested by an automatic electrical machine which does the work much faster than human hands.

But That's Asking Too Much.
"Politics might be easier," said Uncle Eben, "ef people would think as hard about de questions of de hour as dey does about de puzzles in a funny paper."

Strugglers

By Catharine Coope

Joyce returned from the telephone; excitement, dismay, bubbling enthusiasm all struggling in her piquant face.

The art editor of the Comet had called up to tell her that her illustrations for John Temple's story must be at the office at ten o'clock the next morning.

It was then that dismay cast all other thoughts from Joyce's mind. She had no model and the work must be commenced without a moment's delay; Joyce felt that her career as an illustrator was hanging in the balance. Artists who could not meet the hasty requirements of editors were not going to get a second chance with the big magazines.

Joyce cast a glance about her meager furniture and realized that ambition was not her only inspiration. If she forfeited the check from the Comet she would also have to forfeit lunches in the middle of the day. Joyce was strong and healthy and she sighed at the prospect of lunchless days.

A model must be found! Joyce went to the window and stood gazing out at the passers by. Perhaps a tramp or a sandwich man might come along. Either might prove her immediate salvation.

The tinkle of a bell counded in the distance. Joyce craned her head far out of the window.

"A sandwich man!" Joyce drew in her head hastily and without stopping to smooth her riotous hair or to remove her big apron she sped down the stairs.

She stopped after her breathless descent and watched the approach of the sandwich man. Her heart quaked in momentary fear when she saw the head above the sign board. Fierce whiskers seemed to bristle from the entire face and the rakish slouch hat gave him all the appearance of a cave dweller of old.

Joyce braved herself. She must have a male model be he an Apollo or a Cyclops. She gave herself a moment's respite while she read the

Fierce whiskers seemed to bristle from the entire face

advertisement on the sign board. She took extra courage. The sign bore the name of John Temple beneath the name of his book. Somehow Joyce felt a certain friendliness toward the man who was carrying about an advertisement for the man whose story she was about to illustrate.

She felt still less fear when, upon approaching the sandwich man she found that his eyes were clear and frank and that the whiskers were of the Santa Claus variety.

"I will give you two dollars if you will come and pose for me," Joyce told the man.

He looked up at her standing there on the curbstone her long painting apron blowing about in the wind and her face eager and wistful. Even a sandwich man had an eye for beauty.

Joyce attributed the doubt in the man's eyes to hesitancy about stealing time from his employer.

"You will be doing John Temple more good by posing for me than you will by carrying that signboard about," she said by way of gaining her point. "It is one of his short stories that I have to illustrate."

The sandwich man's eyes were curiously interested. A moment later he motioned her to lead the way.

Within the door of her studio Joyce turned toward her model a trifle exasperated at the man's silence.

"Can't you speak?"

The man shook his head and Joyce regretted her tone.

"Will you please remove that awful beard?" She spoke more softly.

It seemed to Joyce that the man followed her command reluctantly. When the gray beard and shock of straggling hair were removed he stood revealed, a man of startling physical beauty.

Joyce caught her breath.

"You could make a fortune—as a model!" she said in quick appreciation. She went swiftly to the slender wardrobe that she kept for her models and brought forth an evening suit. She glanced hastily at the man's well-knit and generous frame. "You must try to get into these." She laughed with a tinge of doubtfulness.

When the man returned from the dressing-room Joyce laughed in sheer delight at her luck. Here's a model to inspire the most sluggish mentality.

Fortunately for Joyce, the only other figure in her illustration was that of a girl painting desperately at her easel. She had felt very like the great Rembrandts and Van Dykes of history when she had used herself as a model. It had saved her purse considerably and Joyce felt proud of her achievement. She was amused in a half resentful way at the smile of satisfaction that swept her model's face when his eyes traveled from the big canvas to her own face.

"You must try to express surprise, anger and resentment all at once," she said a trifle coldly. "You, as the hero in John Temple's story have arrived to fulfill an engagement for the opera with your sweetheart and have come in to find her oblivious to anything save her painting." Joyce signified her model platform and turned toward her paints.

"I will need more lamp black," the sandwich man heard her mutter. Then she turned to him. "I will be back in a moment."

She was gone and the man in the evening clothes moved toward the easel. The smile of satisfaction lit up his eyes again.

"What a strange coincidence," he said, half aloud, and had scarcely turned from the big wash drawing before Joyce came swiftly back.

"Now we are ready for work!" she cried happily, with the light of inspiration radiating from her.

Then began the completion of the splendid drawing for John Temple's story. So good was the piece of work that Joyce Randolf's name was soon in many of the magazines. For two years the sandwich man posed silently for the rising artist and if Joyce knew that her contentment when he was near meant more than the artist's joy in her work she kept her secret well in hand. The dumb appeal in her model's eyes had begun to haunt her waking and sleeping.

She illustrated stories of John Temple's. His name, too, was in all the magazines and Joyce wondered when she would have the pleasure of meeting him. He had written to thank her for her splendid work; that was as far as their relationship went.

Joyce picked up an uncut magazine and idly ran her knife through it. A picture among the advertised new books attracted her languid eye. Joyce sat up and stared at the man's face. It was a photograph of the author, John Temple, and the face was that of her model—her sandwich man.

Joyce felt as if a white heat had come from her feet upward and enveloped her entire being.

The knocker on the door sounded. Joyce realized in a half dazed way that it was time for her model. She cast an involuntary glance at the pad and pencil that she kept for the dumb man's convenience. She smiled grimly; he would have much to write now in explanation.

He came into the studio and there was something new in his bearing, a new determination.

Joyce started to rise from her chair, but sank back when she found herself trembling.

"I love you, Joyce," John Temple said, and laughed. "There—those are the words I wanted first to say to you. I never was dumb and I had to advertise my own book because I didn't have any money two years ago for full-page 'ads,' and now—well— I have everything I want except you." He laughed again, but unsteadily, and drew nearer to Joyce. She had only looked up at him, powerless to speak now that the great moment had come. "Don't tell me you are angry—I was only a struggling author and had to advertise my name. I think I have loved you since the moment you stood on the curb and asked me to pose."

"I wanted you very much," Joyce said in such a way as to find herself in John Temple's arms.

What Did It Profit Her?
At the Fulton street station of the subway the other day a young woman was leading a boy scarce big enough to be out of arms down the narrow stairs in such a way that her slow progress held up a score of people who were following her.

"Let the people get by," suggested the young woman's mother.

"Let 'em wait," snapped back the other.

"But he can walk closer to you," argued the older woman, timidly.

"He'll walk where he chooses," was the retort.

So the inrushing tide of fares was delayed until the little boy reached the bottom step, but his mother did not look happy.

"If the lad walks where he chooses through life, regardless of the rights of others," remarked an old man, "he may make that mother very unhappy, and the state may have to restrain his steps."—New York Daily Mail.

Redeeming Mutilated Money.
Replying to a correspondent's question the Richmond Times-Dispatch says that it believes that "half of a United States treasury note would not be good." Unless the treasury department has changed its rules recently Major Hemphill's paper is wrong. A member of the Tribune staff who received one-half of a dollar bill sent it along to Uncle Sam's money men and received in return a bright new 50-cent piece. So long as the number of the bill is preserved the government stands ready to make good.—New York Tribune.

First Copper-Bottomed Ships.
Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1837.

Suppressing Free Speech.
It is a happy fact that attempts to interfere with freedom of speech always produce a tremendous volume of it.—New York Evening Post.

French National Anthem.
"The Marseillaise," the national anthem of the French republic, was written and composed in 1792 by Rouget de Lisle, an officer in the French army.

At Least Esau Got It.
Esau was a better business man than most of the spendthrifts. He got the mess of pottage for which he traded his birthright.

Composition of the Scriptures.
In the Bible, Old and New Testaments, there are 3,586,473 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

In the Circuit Court of the Tenth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Polk County—In Chancery.

Florida Good Homes Co., a corporation,

vs.

American Land & Sec. Co., a corporation.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE

Under and by virtue of a decree rendered in the above entitled cause on the 24th day of March, A. D. 1916, by the Honorable F. A. Whitney, judge of said court, in favor of Florida Good Homes Company, a corporation, and against American Land Sec. Co., I, the undersigned special master in chancery, will sell at public outcry before the courthouse door in the city of Bartow, said county and State, between the legal hours of sale, on Monday, the first day of May, A. D. 1916, the same being the first Monday in the said month, and the legal sales day, for cash, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property in Polk county, Florida, to-wit:

The east half (E 1-2) of the southwest quarter (SW 1-4) of section twenty (20); the southwest quarter (SW 1-4) of the southwest quarter (SW 1-4) of section seventeen (17), township twenty-seven (27) south, range twenty-three (23) east, in Polk county, Fla.; also the east half (E 1-2) of the northeast quarter (NE 1-4) of section thirty (30), township twenty-seven (27) south, range twenty-two (22) east, Hillsborough county, Florida, containing 200 acres, more or less, according to government survey.

Said property will be sold to satisfy said decree, attorneys fee and costs.

THOS. W. BRYANT,
5301 Special Master in Chancery.

Daily Thought.
A cheerful and glad spirit attains to perfection much more readily than a melancholy spirit.—S. Philip Neri.

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Women's Duties.
For the women of an earlier time, their duties were not only well defined, they were unescapable. For us, they are not only rather readily escapable, they are not even defined. This is, indeed, broadly true of all ethics, whose entire emphasis seems to have changed. The older moralists occupied themselves with the difficulty of doing one's duty. The modern ones, if they want to hold our attention, must rather consider the preliminary difficulty of finding out what one's duty is.—Elisabeth Woodbridge in Atlantic Monthly.

Sawed-Off Sermon.
It is said that less than 98 per cent of the regular churchgoers ever complain of the sermons being too short. —Indianapolis News.

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Must Little Homeless Children Suffer In Florida?

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We feel sure—that they do not know that there are **hundreds of worthy mothers** in Florida who are just **struggling** to keep their little ones **alive**—and at home.

We just cannot believe—that with these facts true—and every orphanage in Florida **crowded** to the doors—that the people of Florida will let our great work which has cared for 850 of these little ones this year alone—go down for lack of funds to keep it up. Your immediate help—is greatly needed—right now—Please send what you can to-day—to R. V. Covington, Treasurer of

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